

Give me the victory of this question, which  
Is true loves merit, and bleſſe me with a ſigne  
Of thy great pleaſure.

*Here Muſicke is heard, Doves are ſeene to flutter, they  
fall againe upon their faces, then on their knees.*

*Pal.* O thou that from eleven, to ninetye reign'ſt  
In mortall boſomes, whoſe chaſe is this world  
And we in heards thy game; I give thee thanks  
For this faire Token, which being layd unto  
Mine innocent true heart, armes in assurance *They bow.*  
My body to this buſineſſe. Let uſ riſe  
And bow before the goddeſſe: Time comes on. *Exeunt.*

*Still Muſicke of Records.*  
*Enter Emilia in white, her haire about her ſhoulders, a whea-  
ten wreath: One in white holding up her traine, her haire  
ſtucke with flowers: One before her carrying a ſilver  
Hynde, in whic his conveyd Incenſe and ſweet odours,  
which being ſet upon the Altar her maiſdes ſtanding a  
loofe, ſhe ſets fire to it, then they curſey and kneele.*

*Emilia.* O ſacred, ſhadowie, cold and conſtant Queene,  
Abandoner of Revells, mute contemplative,  
Sweet, ſolitary, white as chaſte, and pure  
As windefand Snow, who to thy ſemall knights  
Alow'ſt no more blood than will make a bluſh,  
Which is their orders robe. I heere thy Priſt  
Am humbled fore thine Altar, O vouchſafe  
With that thy rare greene eye, which never yet  
Beheld thing maculate, looke on thy virgin,  
And ſacred ſilver Miſtris, lend thine eare  
(Which nev'r heard ſcurrill terme, into whoſe port  
Ne're entred wanton ſound,) to my petition  
Seaſond with ho'y feare; This is my laſt  
Of veſtall office, I am bride habited,  
But mayden harted, a husband I have pointed,  
But doe not know him, out of two, I ſhould  
Chooſe one, and pray for his ſucceſſe, but I  
Am guiltleſſe of election of mine eyes,  
Were I to looſe one, they are equall precious.

I could doombe neither, that which periſh'd ſhould  
Goe too't unſentenc'd: Therefore moſt modeſt Queene,  
He of the two Pretenders, that beſt loves me  
And has the trueſt title in't, Let him  
Take off my wheaten Gerland, or elſe grant  
The ſyle and qualitie I hold, I may  
Continue in thy Band.

*Here the Hynde vaniſhes under the Altar: and in the  
place aſcends a Roſe Tree, having one Roſe upon it.*

See what our Generall of Ebbs and Flowes  
Out from the bowells of her holy Altar  
With ſacred act advances: But one Roſe,  
If well inſpir'd, this Battaille ſhal confound  
Both theſe brave Knights, and I a virgin flowre  
Muſt grow alone unpluck'd.

*Here is heard a ſodaine twang of Instruments, and the  
Roſe falls from the Tree.*

The flowre is ſalne, the Tree deſcends: O Miſtris  
Thou here diſchargeſt me, I ſhall be gather'd,  
I thinke ſo, but I know not thine owne will;  
Vnclaſpe thy Miſterie: I hope ſhe's pleas'd,  
Her Signes were gracious.

*They curſey and Exeunt.*

Scena 2. *Enter Doſtor, Iaylor and Wooer, in habite of  
Palamon.*

*Doſt.* Has this advice I told you, done any good upon her?  
*Woor.* O very much; The maids that hept her company  
Have halfe perſwaded her that I am *Palamon*; within this  
Halfe houre ſhe came ſmiling to me, and asked me what I  
Would eate, and when I would kiſſe her: I told her  
Preſently, and kiſt her twice.

*Doſt.* T was well done; twentie times had bin far better,  
For there the cure lies mainly.

*Woor.* Then ſhe told me  
She would watch with me to night, for well ſhe knew  
What houre my fit would take me.

*Doſt.* Let her doe ſo,  
And when your fit comes, ſit her home,